Wellesley College News

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VOL. XXII. WELLESLEY, FEBRUARY 26, 1914. NO. 19.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, February 26, reading by Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy.

Saturday, February 28, Society Program Meetings. 1915 Class Social.

Sunday, March 1, Houghton Memorial Chapel. 11, A.M., preacher, Rev. Edward S. Drown of Cambridge Episcopal Theological Schcol.

Monday, March 2, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P.M., reading by Miss Beatrice Herford of her own monologues.

Wednesday, March 4, College Hall Chapel, 7.30 P.M., Christian Association, Miss Ethel Hubbard, "Facing the World."

St. Andrew's Church, 7.15 P.M., Eleanor Boyer, "Living up to Our Ideals."

THE SHAKESPEARIAN STAGE.

On Friday evening, February 20, Miss Charlotte Porter lectured in College Hall Chapel on the "Theater as it was in Shakespeare's time." Miss Porter is the editor of the "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare's works, and her conception of the Shakespearian theater is based largely on interval evidence from the playes themselves.

Almost all external evidence as to Shakespeare's theater has vanished, largely through the efforts of the opposing forces of the seventeenth century, Puritanism and Royalty. The Puritan edicts demolished all the existing theaters, and Charles II gave the actors every opportunity to introduce the French stage and everything pertaining to it. As a result the first editor of the plays changed Shakespeare's stage directions, and inserted directions that suited his own theater. It is only in recent years that stage directors have tried to invent some kind of stage by which scenes can be rapidly shifted so that the Shakesperian plays can be presented with no cuts in the time which they consumed in a Shakespearian presentation—between two and three hours.

The Shakespearian stage solved the difficulty by presenting the whole scene for the entire play at the first word of the play. The theater itself was circular in shape and open to the sky. The fore stage half filled the circle and was elevated above the audience. On either side of the fore stage were the lord's boxes. The rear stage projected over the fore stage as the fore stage did over the audience, and was enclosed and so used for all interior scenes. The rear stage was built like a tower and had two levels which might be used as stages when necessary, as in the scene on the castle walls in Hamlet. Hills and trees formed a background on either side of the rear stage. The night scenes were cast in the shadow of the rear stage and the effect of the lights through the trees was very good. As the references in Julius Cæsar, for instance, show, the setting used on the fire stage was often very elaborate. By these stage arrangements the play could be produced quickly and smoothly. It is probable, indeed, that scenes often overlapped and if this is the case many things before obscure in the plays can mow be made clear.

ALFRED NOYES' READING.

That Alfred Noyes was accorded a hearty welcome upon his second visit to Wellesley, was shown by the fact that every seat in College Hall Chapel was sold a month before the reading, which took place on Monday evening, February 23rd, at seven-thirty.

Mr. Noyes won enthusiastic applause by rereading several of last year's favorites, as well as other poems. His program included: "The Admiral's Ghost," "Forty Singing Seamen," "The Origin of Life," "The Barrel Organ," "The Companion of a Mile," and "The Wine Press;" with "Peace," "The Highwayman" and "The Three Ships" as encores.

It is a unique privilege to hear a poet interpret his own lines. He needs no "professional rules of elocution," for the thoughts are his, and he needs only "read them as he came to write them." Mr. Noyes' voice is particularly adapted to his style of poetry. He can give the lines their dancing metre and rythmic repetition without hint of singsong tediousness. The most prosaic of us cannot read "Come down to Kew" or the Maying Song; they sing themselves into music.

Aside from the peculiar metrical quality of the works of Alfred Noyes, we gained a new conception of his powers of description in the poems read. There is variety, delicacy, passion in his touch. The bold grotesqueness of "Forty Singing Seamen" is no less suggestive than the exquisite picture of the milkmaid among her "satin kine," or the emotional shades of frolic and wistfulness in Will Kemp of "The Companion for a Mile." That poem is full of dainty picturesqueness. In the long war poem, "The Wine Press," however, we first follow the poet to the limits of his imaginative possibilities. The pictures in that poem follow each other swiftly but clearly. The black-coated diplomats in the council chamber, "a hundred miles away," the peasant's house in the Balkans, the journey to the front, the detailed horror of battle and slaughter,—the poet carried us from one to the other with his startling vividness of word and phrase, his sincerity of appeal. The poem was written as an attempt to arouse the imagination to a realization of what militarism in this modern age stands for. As an encore Mr. Noyes read a briefer poem on the same great theme of war and peace.

There are few bookshelves in College unadorned by the poetical works of Alfred Noyes. "The Barrel Organ," "The Highwayman," "The Admiral's Ghost," are learned and quoted upon every occasion. To those who have heard the poet read, the printed pages, with their pretty phrasing and careful metre, have gained a swinging rhythm, a glint of humor, a depth and virility of feeling, which only the sympathetic voice of the poet can bring.

COMING.

Before very long there is going to be a spirited campaign for the selling of the report of the Kansas City Convention, which is soon to be published. This report will contain a verbatim account of all of the platform addresses and of many of the sectional meetings. It will give a far better idea of the great force of the convention than all the efforts of the delegation have succeeded in doing.

If the report is ordered now it can be obtained for one dollar instead of a dollar and a half, which will be the price later.

Don't miss your opportunity,—be ready with your order and your dollar when your canvasser appears.

PROFESSOR ROYCE'S LECTURE.

On Wednesday afternoon, February 18, Professor Josiah Royce of Harvard University, lectured on "Community Spirit." This he defined as the basis of all true morality, virtue and equality,—"that tendency that is characteristic of the highest religions," and of Christianity in particular, as illustrated in First Corinthians, chapter thirteen.

Both ancient and modern literature abounds in instances of this spirit, which demands the devotion of the individual for the good of the cause. In modern times, there is Swinburne's "Erectheus," the tale of the legendary sacrifice of an Athenian king's daughter to the gods for the purpose of saving the community. Professor Royce read selections from this which illustrated the attitude of the royal family toward this sacrifice, and gave his criticism that Swinburne had produced a "modern version of ancient loyalty."

MR. SHARP'S LECTURE.

It was indeed a rare privilege to hear Mr. Sharp speak on the subject of writing on Friday afternoon, February 20. The Sophomores owe a great deal to Miss Hughes for introducing him.

Any one who heard Mr. Sharp need never again be at a loss for a theme subject. He showed us that there was a wealth of literary material all about us, if we only trained ourselves to see it. In his comfortable fire-side manner he told us, "Just go and bang your heads up against a few posts and write it up—and there's a theme. Quite simple, you see."

One often wonders how a good piece of writing comes to be and one marvels at the almost superhuman powers the writer must possess. Mr. Sharp made essay-writing, for instance, seem the simplest process possible, and illustrated it by composing a whole essay for us then and there, on the basis of what seemed to us very bare material indeed. He had seen a flock of butterflies on the summit of Mt. Hood, Oregon, and on this phenomenon he built a unified whole by a skilful combination of the incidents of the trip, naturalist's lore and thinking.

Mr. Sharp gave prospective writers some very helpful suggestions. He dwelt on the fact that the forty thousand magazines now in existence created a constant demand for material. Even though a great deal has been written on every imaginable topic, yet every subject will be and must be written up again, so long as there are people who read.

A NEW PLAN.

An arrangement has been made by which Houghton Memorial Chapel shall be open during the afternoon throughout the season of Lent, which being upon Wednesday of this week. This new plan has taken shape out of the desire expressed by many of the girls that there should be a quiet place somewhere on the campus where they might go with their problems and perplexities and know that they would be undisturbed. The season of Lent seemed a particularly good opportunity to satisfy this desire, representing as it does the widespread consciousness of a need for a definite withdrawal from the hurry of activity into the quiet of mediattion.

Inasmuch as many of us, being yet young and uninitiated into the mysteries and power of prayer, find it hard, because of the tendency of our thoughts to wander, to get the most out of such times of meditation, there has been prepared a series of cards, one for each day of Lent, upon each of which is printed some prayer or prayers out of the world's great storehouse of religious experience. These prayers have been chosen with great care, in order that by the variety of their thoughts, they may lead those who use them into definite self-expression and thence into a deeper knowledge of the possibilities of prayer.

(Continued on page 2)

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PUBLISHED weekly during the college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscription, one dollar and fifty cents, in advance. Single copies, weekly number, ten cents; magazine number, fifteen cents. All literary contributions should be addressed to Miss Lucile Woodling. All business communications should be sent to "COLLEGE NEWS Office," Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Adele Martin, Wellesley College. All Alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 621 Main Street, Wakefield, Mass.

THE ENDOWMENT FUND.

We all know that Wellesley is working for an Endowment Fund of a million dollars. We all know, with George Washington, that money is power; we also know that money is a primary need of a great and growing college, which has the multiplex expense account of an institution whose duty is at the same time to enlighten, to feed, and to house its members. Wellesley has a tremendous task upon her hands, and finds that in order to maintain her academic standard, she must increase her power of expenditure for the item called "Professors."

We are working very hard (at times) for a Student-Alumnæ Building Fund. We are also beginning to work for an Endowment Fund. Of which are we most deeply in need as a College? Few of us, after a moment's reflection, will dare to answer otherwise than, "Of the Endowment Fund."

Of course we are sadly in need of a larger building to play in, our Student Government and NEWS offices are inadequate, we need a Student-Alumnæ building. But the fact is, we need our Faculty more than we need an auditorium, we need great and wise minds to guide us more than we need elbow-room for the Student Government and NEWS boards. And it takes money to procure the best of the scholarship of the land.

We make so bold, then, as to suggest that the College turn its attention and effort to the raising of the Endowment Fund, since this will free the College from a great and serious handicap. We even dare to suggest that part, if not all, of the Student-Alumnæ Building Fund be turned over to the Endowment Fund. Of course, such a move would require the decision of such donors as the various Wellesley Clubs, which have contributed so largely to the Student-Alumnæ Building Fund. If the relinquishing of this fund to the Endowment Fund would seem to remove the prospect of a student building to a too dim future, might not parts of the fund, at least,—various definite amounts given by definite people,—be withdrawn by those people and given to swell the Endowment Fund?

Such suggestions may seem rash and extreme to many people, but they rise from the conviction that the crucial need of Wellesley is the power to maintain her academic standard, and that we who love her not only as a place to play, but as a place to work, have the first right to free her from her heaviest burden.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

A recent Free Press article complained of the eliques in College friendships. The plaint is an old one and a futile one, for "birds of a feather will flock together" here as everywhere else. There is, however, a development of the proverb in our community which strikes deep enough to cause us to reflect. The flocks at large have an arbitrary desire to assign the feather.

"Come!" called the Blackbirds to the Red Wing. "You are black, you belong with us."

"Of course," assented the Magpies.

And the Red Wing, delighted at the invitation, flew gaily away with the Blackbirds. One day they came upon a flock of Tanagers.

"Look!" said the Tanagers to one another. "That Blackbird is not like the rest. He has a streak of our color about him. He might be with us."

The Red Wing heard and opened his wings to look. The Tanagers were right. The wings were tipped with bright scarlet.

"Let me come with you!" he called to the Tanagers. "I like scarlet better than black."

The Tanagers looked uncertain.

"But you are still black, too. You would look strange flying with us."

"But perhaps, if I fly with you, the scarlet will spread!" pleaded the Red Wing.

At these negotiations with the foreign Tanagers, the Blackbirds grew exceedingly jealous.

"What is the matter with you?" they jeered. "You have gone mad over that ugly color. You would look even worse flying with them, than you do with us."

And the Magpies (for they are everywhere) arose with a great chattering and surrounded the Red Wing.

"What nonsense!" they cried. "Did you not flock with the Blackbirds in the first place? Your feathers are black. You must stay with the Blackbirds."

"But I wont forsake the Blackbirds," argued the Red Wing. "I am part scarlet and part black, why can't I fly with both?"

But at that the Magpies chattered more loudly than ever, and when they stopped, the Tanagers had gone.

. . . . . .

"Delightfully inconsequent young people," Dr. Fitch called us. There were different responses to the accusation. Some burned hotly for they thought of responsibilities shouldered. Some smiled in comfortable superiority, for they believe in looking after themselves alone. Some laughed, for they have met with the Magpies.

DO YOU WANT TO DO THIS?

Wellesley girls are fortunate enough to have the opportunity to hear, through the Vocational Guidance Committee, of the many avenues of occupation open to them. But the open meetings of that committee have not yet called, and may not call, attention to the following possibility, which is as yet new, but is soon to be worked out with greater precision.

There are some college professors and many college girls who occasionally find a year which they are free to spend as they please. With the former it is apt to be the Sabbatical year, with the latter the year between graduation and the entering of a definite occupation. Many of these people do not know that there are numberless mission stations all over the world which are sorely in need of helpers who could come and stay for a short time and give their services without any necessity for knowing the local language. It is a fact that many people who could never leave home for more than a year at a time, but are anxious to learn of the work on the mission field and to do a little to help lift the tremendous burden that rests on the shoulders of the workers already in the field, could render a much-needed service by going to mission stations and acting as helpers for a year. There is an endless number of things which could just as well be done by a person not speaking the language, which now fall to the share of the fully equipped workers who, if relieved, could find time for more far-reaching service.

To enable people of occasional leisure to try their hand at such service requires, of course, technical arrangements as to the matter of applications to be sent out. Such arrangements will be made. Anyone volunteering to go out in this way for a year, would pay his or her own expenses out and back, but would receive during the year a sufficient salary to meet expenses.

For further information, write Miss Dorothy Mills, 193 Salem street, Boston, Mass.

(Continued from page 1)

A NEW PLAN.

There are some practical difficulties in the working out of this plan, but none powerful enough to stand in its way. The first is the question of expense in the matter of printing the cards. Of course, the Christian Association, if sufficiently wealthy, might meet that expense, but there is an alternative of far higher value. Since the expense will amount to exactly a dollar a day it would be possible for one girl or a group of girls to be responsible for one particular day and so make that day of especial significance for themselves. There will be thirty-five days during Lent when College will be in session, so that many girls may avail themselves of this opportunity.

The second difficulty is the matter of the care of the chapel in the hours during which it is open. It is manifestly unfair to burden any one person with the care of the chapel during all of the afternoons of Lent. Therefore it has been suggested that the girls of the College should volunteer to share the responsibility by serving on watches of a half hour or an hour in length. There is no reason why these watches should not mean to the girls who take them real opportunities for devotion and meditation, busy though they might be. Indeed, it is believed that those who volunteer this service would find it a rich opportunity.

It is hoped that the cards will be of real service to those who use them. They will be available at the Christian Association office as well as at the chapel, in case there are some who will not be able always to make use of the open chapel, but would like to use the cards elsewhere.

Those who wish to volunteer for a share in either the expense or the responsibility for the chapel may consult Isadore Douglass.

The plan is a new one, but it is very simple and full of great possibilities and is launched in the confidence that it will be widely used and will prove of deep helpfulness.

IN ARGUMENTATION.

Prof: "In this connection the authority of the Dean would have much weight."

No matter what you intend to do after leaving College, you will find a bank account of great usefulness, and the ability to keep one accurately an asset which will constantly grow in value. We allow accounts if a minimum of $25.00 is kept on deposit during the whole College year.

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CAMPUS NOTES.

The Department of English Literature has received from the Bureau of Education at Washington an appeal for help regarding the collection of American survivals of British ballads. Anyone who knows of any place in the United States where the old ballads are sung or recited with or without variations, is asked to send her information to the Department of English Literature. A circular on the subject will be found posted on the English Literature bulletin board.

On March 2, 1914, a performance of "A Thousand Years Ago," by Percy MacKaye, will be given at the Shubert Theater in New York for the benefit of the Wellesley Million-dollar Endowment Fund. Will those girls who either live in New York or have friends there, notify their friends of this performance so that sufficient enthusiasm may be roused to make this performance successful.

SPRING ORGAN RECITALS.

Beginning Friday, February 27, Mr. Macdougall will give four organ recitals in the Memorial Chapel. The recitals are to begin at 4.30 P.M., and are to be about forty minutes in length.

On Friday, February 20, Dr. Emma N. Scholl gave a talk on the "Volkslied" before a Boston association of teachers of German.

FREE PRESS.

I.

CATTISH CONVERSATION.

"My dear," purred the Angora in the mangy ear of the yellow Stray," you should have been at the lecture this afternoon. I climbed up the fire-escape and heard the whole thing."

"The lecture? What lecture?" The Stray was apologetic.

"Why, Professor Royce's, you poor dear! You really owe it to your family (if you have one), to keep up with modern movements. It was such an uplifting lecture for the masses! It seems too bad that we who do not need it are the only ones who fill the front rows. Now, next Monday, Mr. Zueblin,—meow! Mee-ee-ow! Ssst! How dare you lap milk out of my own blue saucer? Canaille!'

"I'm sorry; I'm so absent-minded when I've had no breakfast." The Stray was doubly apologetic. "And what did you say Professor Royce lectured about?"

"Community Spirit."

"Oh," said the Stray, impressed.

M. S., 1916.

II.

WHITE LIES.

"No, I'm so sorry, but I am just out of stamps."

"Oh, I think your roommate is a lovely girl, so attractive."

"Yes, I'm going to the vill. Really, I should love to bring you up a quart of milk, a dozen oranges, a box of hairpins, five one-cent stamps, ad infinitum."

"Here, I am going to that quiz, and I haven't studied a bit for it."

"No, I haven't a thing to eat, not a single box of crackers."

"Truly, you aren't at all unpopular, everyone likes you very much indeed."

"Yes, I made straight credit, too."

"I can't imagine where you heard that. I think it is positively dishonorable for a girl to repeat anything she is told in confidence."

"No, I'm not at all busy."

A. W. P., 1916.

III

THE MT. HOLYOKE DEBATE.

"All aboard for Mt. Holyoke." Even if we are not on the train, let us be represented there by some of our own work and endeavor. Think what this means to us, this intercollegiate debate, for which we have been wishing so long. It is the only intercollegiate activity we have, our only opportunity for comparing our strength with that of other colleges. We must show what Wellesley can do, and that needs the help of every one of us. We were very enthusiastic at the thought of having the debate, but have we no tangible proofs of our enthusiasm to offer at the crucial moment?

Let the team feel that it has the loyal support of every girl in College, not only theoretically, but in practical, tangible form.

H. K. P., '16.

IV.

LENT IN WELLESLEY.

Shall we not keep Lent this year in Wellesley? Not just by giving up candy or saving money or going to many services, though these may help too,—but such a Lent as Jesus kept in the wilderness, a Lent which meant silence, self-knowledge, God-fellowship, life consecration, and a great victory of higher over lower possibilities. Why not let our chapel be our refuge from invaded rooms, from importunate friends, from distracting duties, from our hurried selves? Its doors are to be open all afternoon and we may slip in to its quiet and peace as worshippers do into the great cathedrals abroad, coming and going as and when we will.

What George Herbert says will strike home to some of us:

"By all means use sometimes to be alone
Salute thyself: see what thy soul doth wear.
Dare to look in thy chest; for 'tis thine own;
And tumble up and down what thou find'st there.
Who cannot rest till he good fellows find,
He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind."

M. S.

V.

THE PLEASURES OF UNDERGRADUATE LIFE.

Blase is a term of reproach. To be blase about "The pleasures of undergraduate life" is considered a disgrace—except by the blase. Of this minority, some are merely superior; others have faced—and answered—certain questions about college which none of us can afford to ignore. There is a worthy blase-ness which is no pose, and not to recognize this fact argues immaturity or lack of imagination. Your "blase neighbor" may have a different standard of values from your own. Some of us find that our attitude toward the pleasures of undergraduate life has changed in the course of two or three years. Our standards alter, and what was meat and drink to us has lost its savor.

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if they think at all—what other people think. They have never asked themselves, "What am I at college for? and whatever it is, am I getting it?"

This is a plea for independent criticism of college life. It behooves us to pause and ask ourselves "What is my standard of values?" The hardest course Wellesley offers is the lesson of all life—to learn to discriminate. Whatever our personal attitude toward college life, if we live these four years without learning this lesson, we have lived them utterly in vain. Mark my words—in vain. It is all a question of values—here as everywhere. What criterion shall decide what is worth while? Shall we ask ourselves, "What gives me greatest happiness?" or, "What brings me most power?" or "What best fits me to give the best I have?" This question of criterion involves the fundamental question, "What kind of person am I to be? That is, for what things shall I stand?" We must decide what we wish our lives to mean. That is the big problem.

We waste our opportunities and ourselves for lack of this unifying principle, this standard of values. Some waste is inevitable, for we are growing—let us hope. But it is high time to ask—and answer—the great question, "What is centrally worth while to me?" Avoidance of the issue is at once pitiful and ridiculous; this is a matter of moral honesty. Unintelligent conformity to public opinion is spiritual death. Oh, fellow-undergraduate, will you be a "me too!" kind of person, or will you think for yourself? M. E. C., 1914.

MRS. ROSE PASTOR STOKES' LECTURE.

Those who went down to the village on February 21, to hear Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes speak on "Socialism" felt amply repaid.

From her lecture we saw clearly the great gulf between labour and capital, and we were brought to understand how Socialism must come in to eliminate the chasm. Socialism is a great organized, international movement, containing the same fundamental principles everywhere, but changing its immediate demands according to the locality. Its two fundamental demands are, first, that land shall be free to all the people. We must have land if we would live, and under present conditions we have to pay for the privilege of living, since the landless are in partial slavery to the landed class.

The second demand is, that the machines of production shall be socialized. The substitution of machines for hand tools has wrought a great change in industry, by which a few men, the capitalists, have obtained control of the machines, and take for themselves all that is produced. The workers in return are paid only a small part of the wealth, which belongs to them by right of creation. They are prevented from receiving a larger share of their own money, by the great army of the unemployed which is "the bulwark of capitalism." From this the capitalists can recruit helpers, when the workers strike for higher wages.

Socialism would remedy these conditions by insisting that the machines and "public utilities" be owned by the workers. This will enable every man to get a job and to obtain his fair share of the wealth he creates. This remedy is no Utopian dream, but the only satisfactory solution of a grave problem.

Mrs. Stokes began at the age of eleven to work in the factories of Cleveland. She worked twelve years there, and three years afterward in a newspaper office, but now belongs to the leisure class, or to the "hoboes de-luxe," as she aptly calls them.

FELLOWSHIPS AND GRADUATE SCHOLARSHIPS.

The attention of all students interested in opportunities for graduate work is called to the announcement of Fellowships and Graduate Scholarships offered by Bryn Mawr College, posted on the Graduate bulletin board.

A GIFT TO THE LIBRARY.

Readers of German especially will be interested in the accession to the library of nearly a hundred volumes, given by Mr. James H. Poole of Boston. They are from the library of his niece, Miss Annie Pfaltz, Wellesley, '82, who died in the summer of 1912; and consist largely of an interesting selection of modern German fiction, including also a set of Goethe and a few volumes of poetry. Besides these, there are two books of quite different character and of unusual interest, one being a copy of the Eikon Basilike, long attributed to Charles I, but now believed to have been written by John Gauden, then vicar of Bocking in Essex, later Bishop of Exeter. It is interesting to learn that a large number of editions of this work appeared within little more than a year after the King's death. This copy corresponds to number 52, as given in Almack's "Bibliography of the King's Book." It has also the double page plate of the King kneeling, signed W. Hollar Bohem, fecit, 1649. On the fly leaf is written in faded ink in the chirography of a past century an apostrophe in verse to the author, beginning:

"Friend, when I read the booke, methinks I see
Thee in ye King portrayd, the King in thee
As though he'd dropt his soul into thy penn
And lent thee't for to write it ore agen."

Doubt of the King's authorship apparently existed from the first appearance of the book.

Just as interesting in its own way is the volume of sermons by Albert of Padua, printed in 1480 at Ulm. The type is black letter with initials added by hand in red ink. It is bound in the original boards, covered with stamped leather, with clasps of leather and metal, and bears indication of having once been chained; perhaps in the library mentioned in the note in mediæval Latin on the inside of the cover.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All communications relating to the Committee on Non-Academic Interests should be addressed to the present secretary, Miss C. B. Thompson, 9 Leighton Road, or Zoology Department, College Hall.

MUSICAL VESPERS.

Sunday Evening, February 22, 1914.

Processional. "America the beautiful."
Service Anthem. "The rádiant morn hath passed away." Woodward
Choir. "O God whose goodness." Beethoven
Organ. Canzonetta (From the violin concerto) Tchaikowsky
Andante in A flat. W. H. Hoyte
Choir. Vesper Hymn. H. C. M.
Recessional. "The Western Land."

SCRIBBLERS.

The new members of Scribblers are:

1915
Dorothy Kahn
1916.
Marguerite Samuels Katharine Balderston

NOTICE.

At Miss Herford's recital, Monday, March 2, the course tickets will be given preference. At the College Book-store there are a limited number of course tickets on sale. Single tickets will be sold at the door only, after the ringing of the first bell.

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PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

ALL'S MUMPS THAT ENDS MUMPS.

A Comedy of Errors.

Act I.

Scene I. Field below Simpson Hill.

Enter a Forlorn Maiden, one hand on her heart, the other at her head.

Forlorn Maiden:

Tell me where the mumps are bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
Oh! I feel them in my heart.—
Surely that is where they start!
But, oh, alas! how quick they spread
From timid heart to aching head!
I'll away to Simpson Hill,
Where waits the ever-present pill.

(Exit.)

Enter a Second Maiden, carrying a suit case.

Second Maiden:

Where hath my gentle comrade fled,
Clutching at her heart and head?
A whisper dread came to her ear,
Bristled her hair with horrid fear;
That whisper to her heart said "mumps."
And now behold she leaps and jumps
Up yonder hill, and through the door,
Whence mumpish ones return no more.
Oh, cruel fate, to take her there
And leave me in the outer air!
I would that I might share her woes,
But I can only bring her clothes.

(She deposits suit case at door of Simpson Cottage, and departs.)

Scene II. Doctor R's office. Doctor is seated at desk, and nurse is standing near.

Enter Forlorn Maiden, clutching her jaw.

Maiden:

Good-morrow, Doctor! I do fear—

Doctor:

Not mumps! My child, come here, come here!

Maiden:

I seem to feel it round my chin,—
To ache and throb it doth begin.

Doctor, (feeling of Maiden's ears:)

Not swollen yet,—much praise to give!
But tell me, Maiden, where dost live?

Maiden:

Up at the Quad,—in Cazenove Hall—

Doctor:

Needst say no more,—that tells me all!

(To Nurse):

Here, take this girl and shut her in;
She's got the mumps,—most heinous sin!

Maiden, (clutching her ears):

But they're not swollen, you just said—

Doctor:

Cazenove's enough! away—to bed!

(Exit Nurse and Maiden.)

Act II.

Scene I: Mump Ward. Two mumpish ones are in bed. A third bed stands empty.

(Enter, Forlorn Maiden, timidly.)

Mumpish Ones:

How now! You've come to join us too?
What is't—can you no longer chew?

Maiden:

Aye, even so, I sadly fear;
I swell not, yet am I sent here.

Mumpish Ones:

Hurrah! Three cheers! come kiss us both,
To have a comrade we're not loth.

(Maiden climbs on their bed and kisses them.)

Maiden, (drowsily):

A numbness now fills all my bones,
Mumps speak in no uncertain tones;
I'll hie me to that high white bed
And try to ease my heavy head.

(She climbs into bed and goes to sleep.)

Scene III: Mump Ward. 3 o'clock in the morning.

Forlorn Maiden, (switching on electric light):

Ah me! my jowls—how sore they be,
My jaws fair grit for misery.

(Rising and looking in mirror.)

Yet swell I not! I say 't'is false—
They've led me on a wild-goose waltz!
I have no mumps if I swell not,
Ah me, ah me, I had forgot;
I kissed these mumpish ones to-day—
Now, mumps or not, here must I stay!

(She turns out light and falls back with a groan.)

Scene III: Mump Ward. 7.30 A.M.

Enter Nurse. She goes up to Forlorn Maiden's bed, and looks at her.

Nurse:

How now! what's this? thou'st swollen not?
Sure then, the mumps thou hast not got.
And hast thou kissed these mumpish ones?
Ah, woe is me! e'er many suns
Thou wilt be mumpish, e'en as they—
Unless I get thee quick away!

(She throws bathrobe around Maiden, and drags her to the door.)

Maiden:

Farewell, farewell, my sometime friends,—
May we not reach the same sad ends.

(Exit, with nurse).

Third Maiden, Guardian Spirit of the Mumpish ones, sings outside the window.

Guardian Spirit:

List to my tune
I am immune!
My magic rune
Ye soon shall croon,—
I am immune,
I am immune!

(Sound dies away in the distance).

Act III.

Scene I: A single room in Simpson Cottage. The Folorn Maiden lies in a high bed.

Maiden:

Ah, woe is me, now here I lie,
Hung, as it were, twixt earth and sky;
So is my mind in two ways torn,
Ah, would that I had n'er been born!
Have I the mumps, or have I not?
Where is the answer to be got?
Since I have kissed my mumpish friends,
Methinks my hopes have all their ends.
Ah, cruel chance, if in their bed
I met the fate from which I fled!

(Enter Doctor.)

Doctor, surprised:

What, maiden, do you in this bed?
You were to be shut up I said!

Nurse, entering hastily:

I took her from the Mumpish place
Because she had no swollen face.
Perhaps now, we can let her go,
If she doth no fatter grow.

Doctor:

Nay! She went in the mumpish place
Before she had a swollen face;
Now swollen face she's sure to get,
She cannot leave this cottage yet!

Maiden:

Had I but known that swollen ears
Should be the signal for my fears,
Never would aching jaws alone
Have brought me here! Had I but known!

Doctor:

Had I not known from whence you came,—
That Hall of ill and mumpish fame,—
I would not then so hastily
Have shut you in the Infirmary.
Ah! had I that thing never known
It would have saved you many a groan!

Maiden:

Ah well, 'tis done! My poor heart jumps!
To think that now I may have mumps!

Scene II: The same. Late afternoon.

Enter Doctor. She looks at maiden through spy-glass.

Doctor:

What, maiden, bath no fatter grown,
And yet with jaw ache still dost moan?
Upon my life, 't'is beyond me
To tell what 't'is is that aileth thee.

(She puts down spy-glass and stands lost in thought. Suddenly she clasps her hands.)

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MAGUIRE

I have it now! this playful mump,
It is abortive! Nay, don't jump,
'T'is not so bad as it doth sound,
But means 't'is strangled under ground;
'T'will never reach the true mumps' size,
Nor e'er be seen with naked eyes.
My child, thou art a mumpish freak,
Abortive mumps are quite unique!
What's more, I think in two days' time
Thou canst return to native clime.

Maiden:

Hurray, hurray! my mumpish friends,
We have not reached the same sad ends,
For I, though latest came, shall first
From out this mumpish prison burst!

Act IV.

Scene: Lawn before Simpson Cottage, below windows of Mump Ward.

Guardian Spirit:

List to my tune,
I am immune!
Come to me soon
And with me croon!

(Door burst open and Forlorn Maiden dashes out.)

Maiden:

I'm out of the dumps,
I've cast off my mumps!
Abortive was I
And therefore I fly,
And leave those poor mumps
Up-stairs in the dumps!

(Heads of mumpish ones appear at windows.)

Guardian Spirit and Maiden together:

List to our tune
We're now immune,—
Both you and I;
Now can we fly
From this drear place
With steadfast face;
We need not fear
To swollen appear!
We are immune,
List to our tune!.

(Guardian Spirit and Maiden go singing down the hill. There is a shriek of anguished envy from the mumpish ones.)

ART EXHIBITION.

An exhibition of the work of Mr. J. Eliot Enneking has just been opened in the Farnsworth Art Museum. Mr. Enneking is one of the younger Boston landscape painters. His father's work is already known to Wellesley art students, and the museum possesses one of his pictures, "October Day."

The collection is especially interesting as it includes a large number of poehade studies, rapid notes of some fleeting play of atmosphere and color, as the exquisitely delicate effects of early spring or autumn with pale sunlight filtering through a violet haze. (The Blue Hills, No. 6; The Old Bridge, No. 7.) Studies of tree forms,—a grove or a distance seen through an open interlace of branches—is a favorite subject. Of these, "Gray Day in the Autumn Woods," (No. 31) is the most finished example. The sympathetic interpretation of New England motives is felt throughout and there is much variety in subject, composition and color. It is especially grateful in this wintry season to refresh one's eyes with the delicate play of color which the collection offers. The exhibition will be open from February 20 to March 7.

OPERA NOTES.

Friday evening, February 27, at 8.00 P.M., "Otello," (in Italian). Opera in four acts by Verdi. Musical Director, Felix Weingartner.

Saturday matinee, February 28, at 2.00 P.M., "Monna Vanna," (in French). Opera in three acts by Fevrier. Musical Director, Andre-Caplet.

Saturday evening, February 28, at 8.00 P.M., "La Traviata," (in Italian). Opera in three acts and four tableaux by Verdi. Musical Director, Arnaldo Schiavoni.

"Don Giovanni" will be the first opera of next week, beginning at 7.30 on Monday evening. This performance will be directed by Felix Weingartner, and sung by a splendid east.

"Romeo et Juliette" will be given its first performance by the Boston Opera Company on Wednesday evening, March 4, at 7.45, with Mr. Strony conducting. This opera is comparatively little known in Boston, as it has never been given in the Boston Opera House, and indeed has not been sung here for nearly ten years. Gounod is known to most people by his one work, "Faust," and many will welcome the opportunity of acquainting themselves with another side of the great Frenchman's genius.

On Friday evening "Die Meistersinger" will be repeated, for the first time under the baton of Felix Weingartner. The cast will be that of the last performance of the Wagner work. The opportunity to hear this opera, under the direction of one of the most distinguished conductors of the world comes but rarely, and a large number of people should avail themselves of it.

At the Saturday matinee, "La Boheme" will be repeated, serving as the vehicle to reintroduce Nellie Melba. Mr. Moranzoni will conduct this performance, which promises to be a memorable one.

On Saturday evening, the popular "Jewels of the Madonna" will be given. This Wolf-Ferrari opera is one of the most brilliant and colorful of modern works, and has attained tremendous success wherever it has been sung. Mr. Moranzoni will direct this performance.

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ALUMNÆ NOTES.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Legends and Satires from Mediæval Literature," edited by Martha Hale Shackford, 1896.

This is a volume of translations from Middle English and Old French, illustrative of the minor literature with which mediæval England was familiar, and from which Chaucer drew his inspiration, as well as from the classics of the continent, and the metrical romances of France and England.

All the common literary types of Chaucer's day are here represented:—debate, vision, Saints' life, pious tale, bestiary, lapidary, homily, satire, and lay, the majority being on religious rather than secular subjects. For we must remember how essentially the world of the Middle Ages was ruled by the Catholic Church, not only in its thoughts of the world to come, but in the least daily activity of this present life. So it is not strange that there arose a great body of superstitions about Nature and about God, and of legends about the miraculous powers of Saints and other holy folk, a collection to which we are introduced in these translations, mostly by Miss Shackford.

In her sympathetic introduction to these tales, she thus notes the value and the pleasure to be derived from a study of them: "Crude and childish as their faiths and superstitions may seem to a more liberal age, there is something impressive in their deep conviction of hidden truths. When we lose all sense of mystery and of wonder and are wholly free from any illusions, life becomes singularly vapid, for the very key to spiritual existence is a sense of infinite meanings forever challenging, baffling, and dominating our daily life.

'But God forbede that men shulde leve
Wel more thing then men han seen with ye!"

Taking the first literary type in the collection, the debate, we find one translation from Froissart,—a pretty disputation between the rose and the violet, as to which is the lovelier flower. Each is represented by her advocate who speaks at some length and in legal phraseology. The rose is shown to be of more honor because it is the color of the sun, ruler of the universe, while the violet's lawyer argues that when the clouds came down from heaven the earth drank of their moisture and bore violets to match them in steadfast blue, and so the friendly mocking debate goes on.

The example of mediæval vision is "The Purgatory of Saint Patrick," which interests us particularly because it pictures so vividly the horrors of hell, and the joys of the earthly paradise, suggesting a body of legend which was embodied later and most perfectly in Dante's "Divine Comedy." The mediæval writer leaves no concrete detail unsupplied, so we shudder with St. Patrick over the "grisly" scenes in purgatory, the men and women bound to the earth with iron bands, or red hot nails, with "fiery dragons and black toads sitting on them," and "adders eating their sides." Some are roasting on gridirons over a fiery furnace, while others are fastened to a huge revolving wheel, or stand in pits of brimstone.

We rejoice too with our Irish saint as he is delivered from this frightful "hole," and is admitted to the earthly paradise, bright with precious stones, fragrant with sweet odours, filled with folk of "gracious countenances," carolling merrily. The author naively describes the herbs which spring up forever green, "sweeter than licorice," and the birds singing, "some low, some intermediate, some high."

The saints' lives make delightful reading, too. As I read the "Life of St. Brandon," I was reminded of the strict Sabbath rule of old New England by which children were allowed to read only saints' lives, and I thought on how little persuasion a child would need to read this story, for, as Miss Shackford notes, "the atmosphere of sanctity which made this legend approved reading for the mediæval Christian gives a quaint irony to the accounts of fairies, demons, enchanted birds, and other marvels," which St. Brandon meets as he journeys in search of the "Land of Behest."

In the very heart of the Pious Tale about the miraculous resurrection of a man who had been buried for a year, we find a satirical little gibe at women. The story is told of this wife who faithfully offers alms in her husband's memory after his death, and the comment is, "Few such women we find now who are so kind to their husbands."

The mediæval bestiary was a book which sought to teach the people religious truth through the symbolic use of animals, and as we read it to-day, we are rather amused, since the author exaggerated his scientific facts to secure the proper didactic results. In "The Lion" we find two characteristics of this animal noted. "When he is born, he lies still and stirs not from sleep until the sun has shone thrice about him, then his father rouses him by the cry he makes." "When he lies down to sleep he never closes the lids of his eyes." The interpretation is that of our Lord as the lion. "Though our Lord was dead and buried and lay still in a stone until the third day, His father aided Him, so that He arose from the dead to keep us alive, and He watches according to His will as a shepherd, and we are the sheep."

The mediaeval lapidaries were another means of "impressing religious symbolism on the people through the popular interest in all the lore of precious stones," while in some cases purely pagan superstitions were handed on. If we could share the childlike faith of our ancestors in these miraculous properties, we could make good use of their jewels. "Geratite is of such a nature that if a man put it under his tongue, he will divine what another person thinks of him and can win any woman's devotion." "And if one carries the chelidonius in a linen cloth under his left arm he will be a good orator and much beloved."

Perhaps the most amusing of the satires here translated is that on the greed and gluttony of the mediæval monks, called "The Land of Cockaygne," or Cookery. In this land "flow wide rivers of oil, of milk, of honey and wine. Water serves two purposes only in this land—to look at, and to use for washing." The abbey is made of "pastries, of flesh, of fish, and of rice meats;" "the shingles are flour cakes," and "the pinnacles are fat puddings." "To that abbey fly geese roasted on the spit and cry.'Geese, all hot, all hot.'" "The larks light in a man's mouth, all stewed daintily and powdered with clove and cinnamon."

The last selection is the Lay of Sir Orfeo, given in the original Middle English. It is the mediæval interpretation of the classic story of Orpheus and Eurydia. As Miss Shackford suggests in her notes, it has "true poetic sensitiveness in the concrete vividness of color and fragrance in nature, in the dim stateliness of the retinue of the king of fairyland, in the magic beauty of his strange abode," and it has "true imaginative distinction in the picture of the loyalty of love and love's power over time and fairy spells." Marian Rider, 1913.

SCHOOL FOR "HAND-MINDED."

"I like this school because I never could have learned anything, and I am more use in the world." This is the way a girl pupil in the Elementary Industrial School of Cleveland, Ohio, describes her impressions of the new kind of school work, according to a bulletin just issued by the United States Bureau of Education.

The Elementary Industrial School was established to give "hand-minded" boys and girls as good a chance as the "language-minded" have always had. Cleveland was one of the first cities in the United States to make a distinction between the two types of children—those who take to books and those who do not. In Cleveland, as in most American cities, about half the children have been leaving school in the sixth grade. The Cleveland school authorities saw that much of this waste was due to the attempt to force abstract intellectual effort on boys and girls whose interest was in doing things. The Elementary Industrial School was meant to meet this situation. To it boys and girls were admitted if they were over thirteen years of age and were two or more years behind their grade in school.

In this school one-half of the time is devoted to English mathematics, geography-history—the two in close connection—and to hygiene of a thoroughly practical character. The remaining periods are given to manual and industrial work—including shopwork—to domestic economy and gymnasium practice.

The school has been successful, even in the face of adverse conditions. The enrolment has doubled in the past four years. Pupils who had long since lost interest in school work of any kind, some to the extent of being known as "dullards and incorrigibles," have become eager and alert, not only in the hand subjects, but in the academic work as well.

In speaking of the Cleveland work, Professor W. N. Hillmann, author of the bureau's bulletin, says: "The ordinary school was born among and for the language-minded. Intellectual and physical culture—not manual self-expression and economic insight—was its aim. The industrial worker was practically excluded from it; he had no leisure for it, no time to engage in its play. This one-sidedness still clings to the school, and it is hard to eradicate. The Cleveland Elementary Industrial School may not offer the best general solution, certainly not the only solution of the problem; but it does offer a solution that lies in the right direction, and one which is at least a promising beginning."

DEATHS.

At Bagdad, Kentucky, on July 6, 1913, James Hamilton Snook, father of Jewett Snook, 1910.

In New York, January 18, 1914, Isabel Williams Dillingham of the Class of 1912.

In Lancaster, Pennsylvania, February 11, 1914, Mr. William Z. Sener, father of Ruth Sener, '09, and Anna Sener, '11.

February 9, 1914, Mrs. Willis Gaylord Gordon of Towanda, Pa., mother of Mary Pratt Gordon, '02, and of Mrs. Isabel Pratt Gordon Sixx, '99 to '00, and '02 to '05.

BIRTHS.

On November 25, 1913, a daughter, Ruth Emily, to Mrs. Helen Beard Peck, 1902.

Born to Mrs. Luther Fowle (Helen Curtis, 1901), a son, Curtis, in Aintab, Turkey, on January 22, 1914.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Lida Clark, 1907, to Ennis W. Bachman of Orange, New Jersey.

Dorothy M. Hazeltine, 1910, to Arthur Yates, McGill (Canada), 1908, Rhodes Scholar, Oxford, 1912, of Victoria, B. C. Canada.

Helen Hardenbergh, 1904-1906, to Gottfried L. Ostgren, The Royal Technical Institute of Stockholm, 1900.

H. Elizabeth Seelman, '98, to Clarence Darwin Kingsley, Colgate, '97, Agent of the Massachusetts State Board of Education.

Alice Mary Ross, '13, to Frederic Beecher Colver, Princeton, 1910, Columbia Law, 1913.

MARRIAGE NOTICES.

CARPENTER—WILLIAMS. On November 18, 1913, at Mercer, Pennsylvania, Helen Bayce Williams, 1910, to Paul Hamilton Carpenter, Colorado School of Mines, 1910. At home in Lark, Utah.

Wellesley Alumnæ present were Helen F. Reed, 1907, Mrs. Louise A. Ruddiman, 1910, who acted as matron of honor, Enid B. Johnson, 1910, Marguerite L. Stallknecht, 1910, and Dorothy Viseman of Louisville.

MERRIMAN—GRIFFIN. At Skowhegan, Maine, on December 21, 1913, Margaret L. Griffin, 1912, to Frank E. Merriman. At home at 553 Mifflin Avenue, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Dorothy M. Hazeltine, 1910, to 1337 Grant Street, Victoria, B. C. Canada.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Professor Mary Whiton Calkins spoke on the "Aims of the Academic College" at a recent conference held at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union under the auspices of the Appointment Bureau.

In January the members of the Boston Wellesley College Club were invited to meet the new members of the College Faculty at the home of Professor Scudder in Wellesley village. At this meeting Miss Wood of the Biblical History Department, Miss Brown of the History Department, Miss Hughes of the English Department, and Miss Avery of the Art Department spoke briefly.

Professor Elizabeth Kendall has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society as a worthy recognition of the services rendered by her recent remarkable journey across China, and the fascinating account of it in her published book, "A Wayfarer in China."

NEWS NOTES.

'84—Annie J. Cannon curator of astronomical photographs at Harvard College Observatory, spoke on "Experiences in Foreign Observatories" at the last regular meeting of the Boston branch of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

'89—May Banta is spending a month in Bermuda at Harbour View, Paget-East.

'92—Mary Alice Emerson, Ph.D., of Boston University, spoke at a recent meeting of the Revere Woman's Club on "Modern Problems as treated in Present Day Literature."

'95—Mrs. Alice Campbell Wilson gave an account of a visit to Ellis Island, the immigrant station in New York, before the Nahant Woman's Club at Nahant, Massachusetts.

'95—Mary Chase Lockwood, at her house the Harbour View, at Paget-East, Bermuda, gave in January a Wellesley tea. Among those present were Ethel Sperry Makepeace, 1900, Theodora Mc Cutcheon, 1903, Ethel Burnham Wells, '96-'98 and Bertha March, '95.

'96-'98—Mrs. Ethel Burnham Wells, formerly of 1900, sailed for Bermuda in January. She expects to remain until the last of February.

'96—On Wednesday, January 21, the members of the Wellesley Hills Women's Club gave an indoor pageant, the lines of which were by Mrs. Isabella Fiske Conant.

'98—Mrs. Sara Emery Gilson has recently been elected second vice-president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Mrs. Gilson's husband has just received a call to the Congregational Church at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, and she is now President of the Wellesley Hills Woman's Club.

1901—Caroline M. Donovan is instructor in English at the Technical High School, Newton, Massachusetts.

1902-1905 and 1907-1909—Mitsu Obada and Matsu Okonogi have entire charge of the English course in the Girls' High Normal School at Tokio.

1904—Gertrude M. Ware for two years a worker in the Citro-Chemical Works at Maywood, New Jersey, and assistant in Chemistry at the college, has been appointed assistant in chemistry at Bryn Mawr College. Miss Ware has also taught in a High School in Massachusetts.

1907—The Mary E. Horton Fellowship for 1913-1914 has been awarded to Jane Isabel Newell. Miss Newell received her master's degree from Wisconsin University in 1908, and expects to take her Doctor's Degree from that same University where she is now studying.

1907—Caroline N. Shaw has been for the past two years the teacher of Domestic Science at Denison House, the home of the Boston College Settlement.

1907—Abby L. Wrigley is doing graduate work in Latin and Greek at the University of Michigan.

1909—Frances Halley, who gave up her position as a teacher in Atlanta, Georgia, a year ago is settled in Susanne, Switzerland, where she expects to teach English. She is located at the Hotel Eden.

1909—At the wedding of Katherine Norcross, daughter of Helen Walmsley Norcross, '80, Margaret Norcross, 1907-1909, was maid of honor and Emma J. Merkel was one of the bridesmaids.

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